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Old School Days

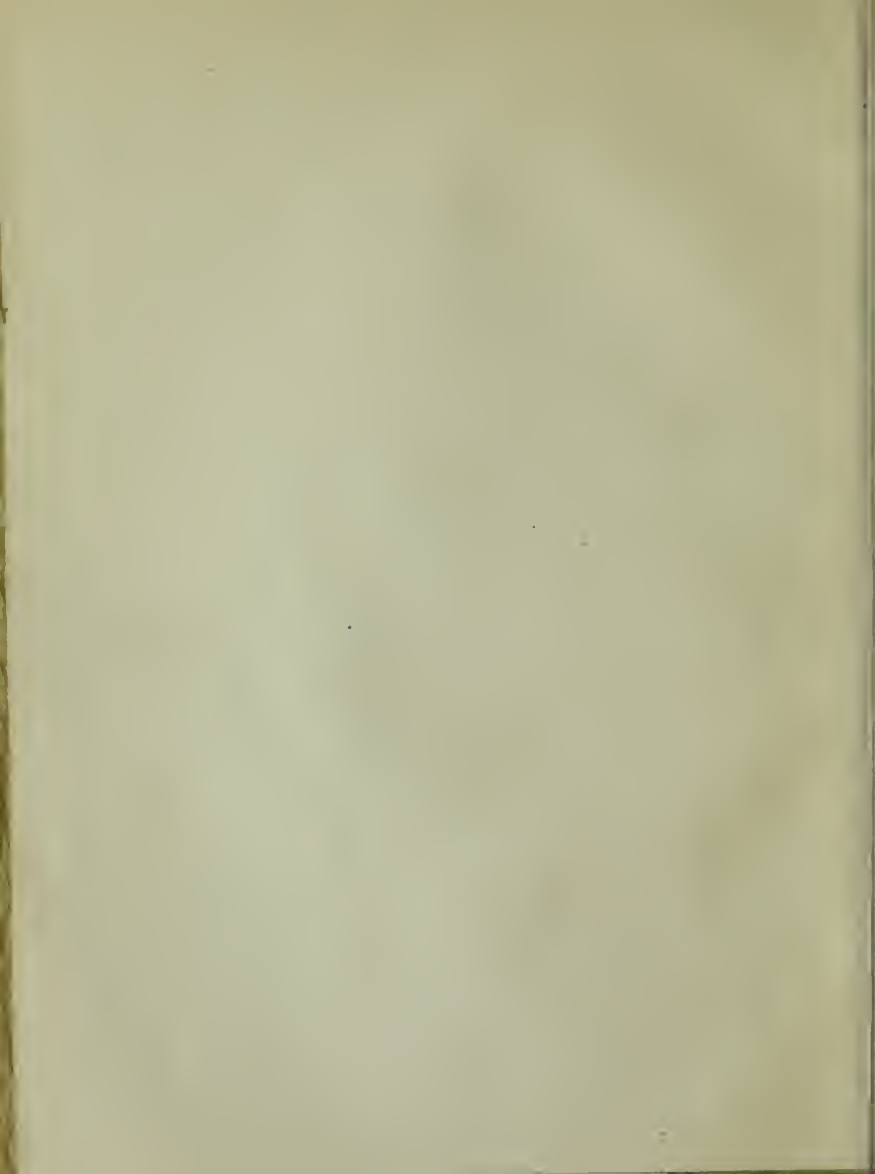
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OLD 

School Days

Lovingly Dedicated to

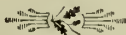
Mrs. LOUIS GLASS

My First and Best California Friend

BY

MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN

OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA.



SAN FRANCISCO

ACME PRESS, 506 MARKET STREET.

1902.

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By MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.

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Old School Days.

OO DO hurry up—it's eight o'clock,
And time to go to school ;
Pray, don't be tardy every day,
You know the teacher's rule."

"Your dinner's ready : wash your face
And stop that awful noise !
So now at last we're off for school—
Two boys and two tomboys.

'What makes 'em scold a fellow so :
I guess we shan't be late ;
Hurrah ! there's Will and Hiram now,
Down by the lower gate."

With laugh and shout we bound along,
Half wild with childish glee ;
And only pause, for one good breath,
Beneath the big elm tree.

Then o'er the bridge and through the gate,
Up hill like deer we run ;
The "big road" reached—now straight ahead
And all beat the "big drum."

"Hoot! hoot! hurrah! There's John and Vill :
I knew we wasn't late ;"
An answering shout gives back the cry,
"There's Bub, Van, Lod and Mate."

Next Alice and petit Mari
Come tripping through the lane ;
Then all run down to meet the pair
And climb the hill again.

The teacher's bell! Now one and all
Rush to the water pail ;
"Give me the cup ;" "it's my turn next ;"
"Ann's bonnet's on my nail."

The teacher says : "Come—take your seats ;
We'll have no more comments ;
But turn yourselves around *this* way,
And get your testaments."

We little reck'd the study hour,
But only thought of noon,
With "round the carpet," "snake," and "tag ;"
The bell rang all too soon.

Now school is out—away for home !
As fast as feet can go ;
But when at last we reach the bridge,
We hurry very slow.

“ Let’s take our shoes and stockings off,
And wade the brook a spell ; ”
And now the wond’rous things we found,
None but a sage could tell.

“ The biggest trout you ever saw
Dodged under that flat stone
Oh ! if I had my net along,
I’d catch him all alone.”

Then, like a flash, Lod’s apron’s off :
Is held across the stream,
To catch the very *biggest* trout
A boy had ever seen.

“ Now girls, hold fast ; he’ll come that way ;
Don’t let him slip along ; ”
With eager hands *that stone* is raised,
When, lo !—*that* fish is gone.

“ He must have crawled down in the sand ;
Yes ; see the bubbles rise ;
I know that fish went under there ;
I seen him with my eyes.”

But now the sun has nearly set :
Come, hurry, sisters, come ;
For mother's sure to want to know
What makes us so late home.

Yes, sure enough ; there's mother now,
Down by the garden gate ;
And then our mother's voice demands :
“ *Why are you home so late ?* ”

Now, mother, now, you needn't scold,
And get that awful gad ;
For the way *that* teacher keeps us in,
I think is most too bad.

A fiendish laugh breaks on our ear,
And looking toward the door,
There stands *that* teacher, watch in hand :
“ I've been here just one hour ! ”

Then answered one, in trembling tones,
Yet logic most profound :
“ W—ell, mother, we all cut across,
While teacher came around.”

Then as that stinging switch descends,
We hear a firm voice say :
“ Now—don't forget to-morrow night,
That *you* must come that way.”

* * * *

Long years have come and gone since then,
 We're scattered far and near ;
Of some I've almost ceased to think,
 Of some I never hear.

Some lives have been like summer days,
 Dark clouds have some o'er cast ;
While some—no doubt, in loneliness,
 Are dreaming o'er the past.

And one hath drunk the troubled lees
 Of Marah's bitter pool ;
And she the youngest, fairest one—
 Our queen and pet at school.

One dwells beneath a Southern sky,
 And two, 'neath Southern soil,
Now fill brave soldiers' honored graves,
 Where Neuse's waters roll.

No mother's tear bedews the sod,
 Where our dear soldiers sleep ;
And she, who loved the best of all,
 In loneliness must weep.

Of parents, friends and promised bride,
 And all he loved so dear,
Only one brother stood beside
 That lowly funeral bier.

May no such cruel fate be ours,
Tho' far our footsteps roam ;
But, faces loved, above us bend,
When we are bidden home.

O, when the roll is called on high,
And names I love appear :
Of parents, teachers, schoolmate friends,
May each one answer, "*Here !*"

To Laura.

MUSING here in the twilight,
Dreaming of youth long fled,
My thoughts are oft with the living,
But oftener far with the dead.

In fancy I'm back to our girlhood,
Living o'er happy hours—
Hours that we spent as thoughtlessly,
As birds among the flowers.

We never dreamed of the shadows
That later were sure to come ;
We only saw the sun shine,
And heard the pleasant hum

Of the loved and loving voices
That rang with merry glee,
Laughing and singing and jesting,
Our hearts from care so free.

We took no thought of the morrow ;
We planned not for trouble nor care ;
To us all life was a play-time,
But, ah ! it has proved less fair.

We have found that all must suffer :
Must part of the burden bear ;
Must take up our cross and follow,
If we the crown would wear.

To Alice.

GIVE one thought to me as you gather
around
Your bright, glowing hearth-stone to-night ;
Go back to our childhood in fancy again,
To the years that were fleeting and bright.

Give a thought to the hours we sat at our desks,
To the days that we roamed thro' the wood ;
When hunting for beechnuts or winter greens
bright,
All earth to our vision seemed good.

Tho' here, on the Occident's green sunny slope,
 'Neath the shade of the orange and vine,
With birds singing o'er me and flowers in bloom,
 For the faces of kindred I pine.

For the strong, tender clasp of your loving hands,
 For a word—for a smile—for a kiss ;
A chair by your fireside, tho' storms rage without,
 I would gladly exchange all for this.

My Pillow.

IT has—oh ! such cosy hollows,
 Full of all things sweet and good :
Flowers and ferns and fragrance—
 Pine needles from spicy wood.

It soothes my weary moments :
 Takes me back to childhood's days,
When earth was so near heaven,
 That my heart is bowed in praise.

My pillow has other merits—
 Has other charms for me ;
Could you look in all its corners,
 Something like this you'd see.

Roses and lilies and lilacs,
Forget-me-nots, too, are there :
A bit of rue and cypress,
That I in my heart oft wear.

But even the rue is less bitter,
Sweetened with memories blest,
Knowing how short is the journey
That leadeth to rest—sweet rest.

The Hidden Name.

THERE'S a dear name hidden within my
breast,
That my lips cling to in a sweet caress ;
But never aloud for another ear,
Do I speak the name to me so dear.

I whisper it to the murmuring rill :
I breathe it when Nature is calm and still ;
I tell it oft to the birds and flowers,
And, with tears, I bedew it at midnight's hours.

I sigh for lost days that come no more,
When we told our love tale o'er and o'er ;
Then glory and honors, or wealth and fame,
To our fond hearts were but empty name.

Often he called me his "Star of the Sea,"
And vowed I ever his load-star should be ;
So came the parting with kisses and tears,
And it has lasted through many long years.

We parted, alas ! to meet never more,
'Till in joy we awake on Eden's fair shore ;
And there, 'mid sweet music—heavenly sound,
Rejoice in the old love newly found.

A Rainy Day in a Garret.

A RAINY day in the garret :
Ah ! that hath charms for me ;
A cosy seat in the window,
Where I the woods can see.

No one comes to chide me,
Alone in the house I seem ;
I sit and build my castles bright,
And read and think and dream.

So a house without a garret
Can never my hopes fulfil,
With its nice, dark creepy corners
And a deep, rough window-sill

Where I may build my castles,
And people them with my friends ;
Of earth and air I hold the reins :
What a pity that childhood ends.

Old age finds my cherished garret
So dismal and dark and cold :
Full of pain and shadows and hunger ;
So a garret's no good when you're old

Inspiration Point.

—o—
YOSEMITE VALLEY.

I WAS awe, not inspiration,
That sealed my trembling lips,
When first my eyes beheld your
Cathedral spires and tips.

The veil seemed rent asunder,
And I, an humble clod,
Had for a moment entered
The presence of my God.

The roaring, mighty waters,
Falling from the mountains high,
Looked like liquid diamonds
Pouring from a cloudless sky.

While all around the valley
Were sentinels of stone,
Reared by the Master Builder,
Proclaiming it His own.

My Dove.

—o—
SONG.

REST on this breast, my own fair dove,
Wounded by thee,
Heal it for me ;
Then naught can harm souls that so love,
Blest with a hope from above.

Here fold thy wings and be at rest,
No more to part,
Dear heart, sweet heart ;
No more to grieve, but oh ! so blest,
Rest thou in peace on my breast.

Tender dove, sweetly sing of thy true love ;
Tender dove, sweetly sing of my dear love ;
Sing of home, of joys to come ;
O, sing, sweet bird, and comfort me.

Tune thy voice, gentle one, to songs of life,
Then, some fair day to come, be thou my wife,
And sing of home, home, home sweet home,
O, sing of home and comfort me.

My Studio.

THERE are many cherished pictures
On my memory's gallery wall ;
Some are transient, some are fixtures,
But I dearly prize them all.

There are sunny scenes of childhood,
Merry views of long ago ;
Happy ramblings thro' the wildwood,
Hanging in my studio.

There's a lovely sloping hillside,
Where, 'neath branches spreading shade,
In the olden joyous noontide,
We at keeping house have played.

Just a row of stones our mansion,
With a stick to mark the door ;
And the blue sky for a transom,
And the green sward for a floor.

There are years of careless girlhood,
Filled with hope and joy and mirth ;
There's a flow'ret from the wild wood
That was never born of earth.

There are sacred scenes of home life,
Which no careless eyes may see ;
There's a happy, smiling young wife,
With her first-born on her knee.

There are scenes of death and parting :
Scenes the loving heart appall ;
And the tear-drop oft is starting
As I wander through my hall.

There is room for one grand treasure,
Which old Time is painting fast ;
And he gives it fullest measure,
For it will forever last.

'Tis a holy, blest re-union
Over on the golden shore ;
Where we'll dwell in sweet communion
With our loved ones gone before.



The Veterans.

YE gray-haired men with wounds and scars.
We look upon your ranks with pride ;
Ye would, in our dear country's need,
To save her honored flag, have died.

In youth and health, ye gladly gave
Your time, your strength, your limbs, your
lives ;
You left your homes, your shops, your plows :
Yes—left your sweethearts, babes and
wives.

Where hundreds went, but tens came back,
And some through weary years must drag
A crippled body, broken health—
But, oh ! you saved our dear old flag !

On land or sea no braver men
E'er fought beneath yon starry sky ;
No coward blood flowed in your veins :
Your motto was to win or die.

Could greater honor woman crown,
Although we sought it all our lives,
Than when we fondly, proudly boast :
We are veterans' daughters, sisters, wives !

Oh ! mothers, teach your lisping babes,
Tho' they in all things else may lag,
Two things must ever honored be :
First God, and then our country's flag.

The flag that won at Bunker Hill—
That Sherman carried to the sea :
That guided Schofield, Logan, Grant—
The flag that ever shall be free !

The flag now floats o'er North and South,
O'er East and West, from shore to shore ;
And tells to every passing breeze,
Our land is free for evermore.

Long may God bless the Stars and Stripes,
That never to a foe surrenders ;
And bless the gallant boys in blue,
Old Glory's brave defenders !



A Cherokee Diamond.

THE mines of famed Golconda
Yielded not such gems as this ;
She makes our home a paradise,
And fills our hearts with bliss.

To others, not so precious,
This tiny bit of Glass :
To us a rare, pure diamond
Is our bonnie little lass.

She came in dull November :
Then the world grew bright and gay ;
Her smile, like early sunshine,
Made the darkness flee away.

But here my song is ended
With this prayer, my little lass :
May you ever be a diamond,
Tho' you cease to be a Glass.



To Dr. H. M. Beecher

—o—

ON HER 80th BIRTHDAY.

FULL fourscore years you've graced this earth,
Which was made better by your birth ;
To mark your honored natal day
And add one tiny, tender ray
To all the wishes, fond and true,
Which friends this day will send to you :
While yet the garden bent with dew,
I culled these fragrant flowers for you.

A rose, a pink, sweet mignonette,
And the flower that bids us "not-forget :"
Each petal holds a loving prayer
That we, some day, shall meet somewhere,
Where youth and age are all the same
And life and love are more than name.

If

IF we could lay a double track
To go with those who ne'er come back ;
Go hand in hand across the deep,
And leave our senseless dust to sleep :
Yea, soul with soul, go hand in hand—
Then who would dread the shadowy land.

Autumn Leaves

DRIFTING down in the sunshine,
Dropping so gently and slow ;
Coming in whorling showers,
When the cruel north winds blow.

Red and yellow and purple,
Russet and scarlet and brown :
A mass of softened color
The autumn leaves float down.

Down, to the dry, dead grasses :
Down, to the damp, cold ground ;
Knee-deep we soon will find them,
Making a sombre mound.

That, again to earth returning,
Shall in the future bring
All that we now are losing
In the bright, young leaves of spring.

How like our own is the story
Of the leaves now drifting by ;
Only a span of earth life
Ere we 'neath mounds must lie.

And we, like leaves in autumn,
Shall rise from our lonely rest ;
But, *un-like* leaves in springtime,
Be forever young and blest.

Snow Flakes


E DEN'S white roses are shedding their
leaves ;

The delicate petals float down,
Covering the meadows, the hills and the trees,
With a beautiful snow-white gown.

Now, some are gathering bridal wreaths,
And others are wreathing their dead :
As it falls alike on the bright and gay,
And on those who tears must shed.

Gently it glides thro' the air, but so cold—
It touches the cheek with a sting ;
Oh ! now the earth seems a huge, white rose ;
I'm sure Angels these snow-flakes fling,
Or Cherubim, floating from star to star,
Are brushing them down with their wings.

Heartsease

 H ! give to me the little flower
That wears the human face ;
It sweetest is in mead or bower,
'Twould bier or bridal grace.

You may give the rose and lily
To the young and fair and gay,
But wear sweet pansy blossoms
When youth's bright hopes decay.

I'd wear them ever on my breast,
Their fragrance in my heart ;
So when you're giving posies, dear,
Let Heartsease be my part.

A Faithful Friend

II HAVE one friend—one faithful friend,
So loving and trusting and true ;
Ask what I will, he is ready to give,
And do all a friend can do.

Am I called from his side, he is lonely and sad :
No other my place can fill ;
And on my return, 'tho away but an hour,
He meets me with rapturous thrill.

And my love for him is more than a name :
'Tis a love that will last till life's end ;
For I will not change, and neither will he :
For my dog is my faithful friend.

A Birthday Gift

YOU ask me why I cherish
This withered, faded rose,
When, in my lovely garden,
So many brighter grows.

The hand that plucked this flower,
And placed it on my breast,
Is the dearest one on earth to me,
The kindest and the best.

It was my lover husband,
Of more than thirty years;
My truest friend in sickness,
In health, in joy or tears.

So, when he gave this rose-bud,
With a tender word and kiss,
'Twas better far than jewels:
That's why it cherished is.

My Choice

THE modest lily, royal rose,
Sweet pinks and pansies—all that grows
Within bright Flora's gay parterre
Cannot with my choice compare.

Many there are fair to see,
Many rare and fragrant be ;
But the ones I fondly prize
Are a pair of violet eyes.

Sweetheart

YOU ask me my ideal
What a sweetheart ought to be ;
I can tell you, for I know him,
And he's—oh ! so dear to me.

His eyes are blue as heaven,
With such loving lights within ;
And that sly and roguish Cupid
Kissed a dimple in his chin.

He is tall and he is handsome :
He is gentle, he is proud ;
He is one a pretty maiden
Would observe in any crowd.

And whisper to her own heart,
Every time she chanced to see :
Oh ! he's such a gailant sweetheart—
He is just the one for me.

The Dude and Miner

—o—
SONG.

⑨ H! gracious me, what's this I see!—a
common miner here?

Well, if you say he's going to stay—then I
must go, I fear!

You surely see he can't, like me, adorn a
parlor grand:

He is so rough—it's quite enough, to shock
a gentleman!

We've gentlemen, and scholars too, among our
hardy band;

We dress uncouth: what, then, forsooth?—
dress does not make the man;

Our hands are soiled by honest toil, our locks
and beards unkept;

But, should our lights go out to-night, we'd
not be duds unwept.

Nay, far beyond the rockies blue, we've
mothers, sweethearts, wives,

Who, night and day, sincerely pray that God
will spare our lives;

And while they pray, we work away with
shovel, pick and pan;

And even duds at last may learn—dress does
not make the *man*.

On My Verandah

THE starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me,
Side by side with the ripe, rich fruit
That's always found in the groves of Butte.

Look where I will, I'm sure to see
The blooming rose and the orange tree ;
Roses of red, yellow, pink and white :
Roses grown to a wond'rous height,

Dropping their petals so bright and sweet,
To make a carpet for dainty feet :
Brighter and finer than Orient loom
Hath ever woven for queen's own room.

The lilies, too, add a tender grace
With their broad, green leaves and pure white
face ;
But a clinging vine on the gray, old wall,
For me hath the greatest charm of all.

Here a pair of birds have built a home,
And here their nestlings will some day come ;
I'll rest 'neath the shade of my orange tree,
And the birds will sing sweet songs to me.

Tiger Lilies

A BASKET of golden lilies,
From the mountains cool and clear,
Were sent by a gentle maiden,
My lonely hours to cheer.

Their smiling faces are freckled
From the kiss of the golden sun ;
They whisper such tales of gladness,
That it makes me love each one.

They tell me of free glad hours,
Far away from the busy mart,
While a murmur of mountain breezes
Is heard in each golden heart.

They tell me of wild birds' matins :
They sing me such tuneful lays,
That my heart is filled with memories
Of my happy girlhood days.

When Lot and I gathered flowers
On the banks of flowing streams ;
And builded such beautiful castles
Found only in maidens' dreams.

Thanks for your kindness, dear Jessie,
For the lilies so sunny and true :
Their golden light on my table
Is a loving reminder of you.

In Dreams

IN dreams I see my native hills :
In dreams I breathe the air
Borne by the zephyrs from thy tops,
Dear Catskills, oh ! so fair !

On grander peaks of mystic blue,
The sunlight never rose ;
While at thy feet, in majesty,
The Hudson calmly flows.

How oft, in childhood's sunny days,
When tired with laugh and play,
I've rested gazing on thy heights,
'Mid clover blossoms gay.

And should my waking eyes behold
These well-loved scenes no more ;
I know their like I'll never find
This side the "Golden Shore."



May


A GAIN we welcome flowery May :
Again the blue-birds sing ;
And now our hearts are blithe and gay :
Oh ! gentle, balmy spring !

The fragrant orange blossoms with
Sweet incense fill the air ;
The ripening cherries bend the boughs :
Oh ! lovely land, how fair !

Then tell me not of sunny France,
Of tropic flowers nor fruit ;
The sun ne'er kiss'd a fairer spot
Than our own land of Butte.

Oh ! golden land—Oh ! land of hope !
Thou art beautiful to see ;
Since God hath made His earth so fair,
What must His Heaven be ?

An Invitation

 H ! come to San Francisco fair,
So breezy, bright and clear ;
No winter's cold nor summer's heat,
But spring-like all the year.


There's but one city rivals ours—
Our City by the Sea ;
And *that's* amid celestial bowers,
Saint Peter holds the key.

Childless

NO ringing voice to shout "papa !"
No tripping tongue to lisp "ma-ma !"
No little form my heart to press,
No baby lips my own caress.

A dear, bright home, a kindly mate,
Bright paths of peace have been my fate ;
Kind Heaven has ever on me smiled,
But never given me a child.

A Lament

 H, God ! who rules o'er all the lands,
Who holds the planets in His hands,
Comfort our hearts, so deeply rent,
For our loved, martyred President !

With kindly smile, his hand extends
To press the hand of stranger friends,
When—God in Heaven ! too late we know,
The traitor's bullet laid him low !

'Twas not *one* life the assassin sought :
Not *one*, alone, to death he brought :
The whole land wounded—not a part :
The bullet pierced a nation's heart.

Only the *One*, on Calvary,
Hath shown a greater love than he :
“ *Don't let them hurt him,*” was his prayer,
Altho' his life was ebbing there.

Then drape our flag, bow heads in woe,
No deeper sorrow could we know ;
All nations join the sad lament
For our beloved President.

And comfort her whose darkened life
(Our martyred Chief's beloved wife)
Must go without his tender love
Until they meet once more above.

Queen Victoria

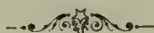
MASTER, Thy will be done :
A Sovereign's race is run :
Thy will be done ;
E'en tho' our hearts be riven,
One more Saint in Heaven
A crown hath won.

More crowns than one she wore,
Great crosses bravely bore :
Her hope Thy cross ;
Queen of our Motherland :
Here mute in tears we stand,
Mourning thy loss.

Yea, weep all womankind,
Such friend we only find
Once in our lives ;
Children her tender care,
Oh! how ye'll miss her there !
Orphans and wives.

Peace was her last desire:
Thus at *her* altar fire,
 War held no part ;
She for her soldiers wept,
Their wives and children kept
 Close to her heart.

As mother, queen or wife,
One nobler in this life
 Earth hath not seen ;
Preeminent she stood,
Sovereign of womanhood :
 God rest the Queen.







From
Her
Window



Lovingly Inscribed to

Mrs. Wilbur F. George of New Monterey.

Mrs. Stetson B. Hindes, Mrs. Emily

S. Loud and Miss Mattie N.

Rood. of San Francisco

868

• • • • •

1

POND LILIES

White pond lilies out of the water
Lifting their faces sweet and fair
Tangled vines on the brown banks growing,
Brooding silence, and balmy air.
Twilight skies with but one star lighted,
Fringe of shadows along the shore;
Boy and girl in a boat together—
Captured lily on outstretched oar.

FERN SEED

Have you heard it said, I wonder,
What wild-wood fairies do,
That mortals may not see them pass?
Put fern seed in each shoe.

So if some one proves unfriendly
The wisest thing to do—
Is to follow fairy-fashion
Put fern-seed in each shoe.

MIDNIGHT STARS.

The sky a field of azure seems
Where golden blossoms grow;
The moon that hangs above the hills
A slender silver bow.

No zephyr ripples mid the stars,
All silent is the night.
I watch the bended silver bow
To see the arrow's flight.

A FANCY

Did you ever, ever wish
On some perfect summer night,
You could hold within your hands
A glorious star a-light?
Give it just one fond caress,
Say—bright star, I love you well,
And then toss it back—once more
With unnumbered stars to dwell?

DANDELION DOWN

Why have you come to the moonlit garden?
—A far-away bell tolls the midnight hour—
Leaves are a-tremble, a star is falling,
At vision of you—O, ghost of a flower.

You'll frighten roses with thoughts of dying,
They'll shiver and shudder at you so white,
You have found your wings soft tipped with silver,
And silently drift in the hush of night.

The violets blue in their leaves are hiding,
The dew-drops glimmer with tremulous light,
And moonbeams flee to the arms of shadows,
In terror of you—this fair summer night.

I DREAMED OF HIM LAST NIGHT

I dreamed of one I love—'twas but a dream,
A happy boyish face I saw once more;
Blue eyes, bright wind-tossed hair, a slender form,
Bounding to meet me down upon the shore,
In sun-browned hands were sweet white violets,
The first of Spring—he knew I loved them well—
He gave me one fond kiss—and then he said—
“I brought you violets, I came to tell——

.

Then vanished from my sight.

A SONG

The earth is fair to-night
O, love, of long ago.
Pale moon-light lies beneath
The trees like fallen snow.

The soft warm air is sweet
With fragrant mignonette,
Red roses are a-bloom,
The earth is fair—and yet—

I miss you, old time Love,
As flowers miss the sun
The earth is fair—and yet—
I long for you, dear one.

LONESOME

Over the blue of sun-kissed waves
All day the sea-gulls fly;
"Lonesome, lonesome, lonesome," I seem
To hear the wild birds cry.

No ships sail in from foreign lands,
They pass this harbor by;
The pine trees sob for me to-day
On shore and headland high.

"Lonesome, lonesome, lonesome," I seem
To hear the sea-gulls cry:
"Find wings, find wings, and come with us
Where ships at anchor lie."

DISCIPLES' SONG.

What song did the disciples sing?
—Fishers of Galilee—
What were the words, I wonder oft?
What was the melody—

Without a child's uncertain voice,
Or woman's higher notes
Soaring above the deeper tones
Like bird that upward floats?

I think that song was of Christ's love,
And not a sad farewell;
A song prophetic of the Land
Where they with Him would dwell.

I wonder if we ever sing
The hymn they sang that day,
Ere from the table of our Lord
They went upon their way?

TO ONE OF CHILD-LIKE HEART

O, thou of child-like heart, for thee all day
Shall joy bells ring,
Thou shalt have honey of the yellow bee,
And not its sting.

Above the burning desert sands of life,
Thou shalt behold,
A sky-land city of white palaces,
And beaten gold.

On thee love's eyes shall rest in tenderness,
Arms I shall enfold;
At time of stars, red poppy leaves of sleep
Thy hands shall hold.

SIMPLE LIFE

Would we might dwell in a hut together—
Donald and I.
Far from the world of fashion and folly,
On headland high.

Just a rude hut, with wide casement windows
Facing the sea
Watching the sun rise—watching the sun set—
Happy we'd be.

Down on the sands oft times we would wander
Donald and I.
Searching for shells and brown lacey sea-weed,
Watching gulls fly.

Often we two would dreamily linger
At close of day
When twilight falls in shimmering beauty
O'er trackless way.

Hearing God's voice in sound of the waters
—God who is love—
Feeling peace brooding over the billows,
Like a white dove.

Would we might dwell in a hut together—
—Donald and I—
Far from the world of fashion and folly—
On headland high.

PRAISE SONG

Creator of the beautiful
I thank Thee for this morning,
For humming-birds and butterflies,
And sunlight of the dawning.

For the sparrows by the roadside,
With their message, Lord from Thee—
He who careth for the sparrows,
As a father loveth me.

WHICH

The summer day is joyous
And out among the trees
Deep in the heart of roses
Are droning yellow bees.

Sometimes wild bee a-wander
Comes through the open door,
And revels in bright patches
Of sunshine on the floor.

The thought comes as I watch you,
O, bee on gauzy wings,
Some people choose life's honey,
Some people choose its stings.

Golden poppies fringe the sea,
Flaunt from headland high,
Hold up cups of beaten gold
To the azure sky.

✓

*copy of the
1st ed. 1890*

The Holy Saints John and Saint Peter:

—OR—

MASONRY AND ROMANISM.

(BY JUOMD)

Lorin Station, Berkeley, Cal.

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JULY 16TH, 1900.

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MASONRY AND ROMANISM.

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INTRODUCTORY.

With voice and pen on subjects old and new,
We come before you with a kind debut :
To guard our rights, lest we in bondage fall ;
Discussing points important to us all ;
To preserve our country from traitors' snares,
Ever guarding our mutual affairs : -
For the cutting worms are gnawing busily
At the root of our tree of liberty ;
Piercing the very center of the heart—
Always drawing the rich and poor apart—
Making for us an UPPER CLASS, they say,
To rule the lower in a better way.

Right at this point fierce wars are bound to rise,
To find the line wherein the difference lies ;
Showing who is the high and who the low,
Which of the two must to the bottom go.
The United States has no room for classes,
But men and women and lads and lasses.
Let every one awake, and look about,
To keep his rights from being rooted out !
OUR SOVEREIGN RIGHTS, RELIGION and OUR LAW
Let us forever keep from the CLASSES' MAW.
For what assurance have we that They will
Rule us more justly, or with greater skill.

PART 1.

The Legend of Hiram Abiff's Life, Death and Resurrection.

The Building of Solomon's Temple.

There is an imposing class in our day
 Who always boast of their antiquity ;
 That many ruins now their pathways mark,
 Which proves (?) they were in FATHER NOAH'S ARK.
 They boast that KING SOLOMON—wisest man—
 Was COMMANDER—SOVEREIGN of their clan ;
 And what HIRAM ABIFF—THE WIDOW'S SON—
 And HIRAM, KING OF TYRE, for them have done ;
 While building the old Jewish Temple grand,
 At Jerusalem, in the promised land.

In Tyre a wonderful Temple stood,
 In which deep philosophy—ever good—
 Was taught by bard and prophet, sage and priest,
 Much skilled in learning of the mystic East.
 To Tyre all hungering for wisdom came,
 Bringing much wealth in exchange for their fame,
 Till their people waxed great and priesthood strong ;
 Their power oft wielding most brutishly wrong—
 Till wrathful nations their War-Dogs let go,
 Who City and Temple together laid low.
 The folk survived but the Temple remained
 A ruin forever, never reclaimed.

King David's Part in the Building of Solomon's Temple.

Once KING DAVID had a pious desire
 To build GOD a house like the one at Tyre :
 With Holy-of-Holies, Temple and Court,
 And three mighty pillars it all to support ;
 In an oblong square due East and due West,
 On deepest of depths it should ever rest ;
 It should represent the Earth's Sun-lit sphere
 And man's life thereon till death draws near.
 He built it not, but left his direction
 Unto Solomon for its erection.
 By that building he became a power,
 And is a bright light even at this hour.

The Mystic Cult of Masons and Smiths.

Smiths and Stone Masons, sons of TUBAL CAIN,
 BOAZ, JACHIN, SHIBOLETH—of much fame—
 Came to Jerusalem their crafts to maintain ;
 Each with much skill gave to each grip a name.
 HIRAM ABIFF was the mightiest man
 And most famous architect of their band :
 He was Past-Grand-Master, and by his word
 Each day's plans were placed on the TRESTLE BOARD.
 He worked in metals and likewise in stone,
 Though every part thereof to him was known,
 And many skilled masters under him wrought
 To whom the Mystic Key had not been taught.

The Potency of the Mystic Key.

The holders of that Secret Mystic Key
 Could travel over every land and sea
 And be received as leaders in the craft,
 For constructions and for the plans to draft :
 Receiving good wages for their labor
 And always be in the highest favor ;
 But could only obtain these favors high
 At the Temple's completion which now drew nigh :
 After having enough samples given
 To prove their skill for which they had striven ;
 Then through all the mysteries they could go,
 To find whatever they wanted to know.

Demanding the Master Mason's Password.

The building's finish was now near at hand
 To get their Key fifteen of him demand ;
 But his firm answer to them always came :
 You'll get it when we have finished the same.
 Twelve would further in their demands not go,
 But rather that secret decline to know ;
 While three with more determination still
 Demanded the Password or they would kill.
 AT THE SOUTH JUBELA thrice asked in rage
 And knocked him senseless with a two-foot gauge.
 To THE WEST he goes and JUBELO meets
 And he like JUBELA him roughly greets.

Hiram Abiff's Death and Burial.

Sore, bleeding and faint TO THE EAST he come,
 AT HIGH-TWELVE, and was asked by JUBELUM ;
 And like to the others he thrice refused,
 Was twice roughly handled and much abused ;
 Then called : *O LORD, MY GOD!*—eternal one,
IS THERE NO HELP FOR THE WIDOW'S SON ?
 GIVE ME THE PASSWORD was JUBELUM's cry :
 AT THIS VERY MOMENT OR YOU SHALL DIE !
 That afternoon from work he did not come,
 For he had then been slain by JUBELUM.
 In rubbish, 'till Low-TWELVE, they let him wait,
 Then buried him without the city's gate.

The Murderers' Flight.

To Joppa they fled, but found an embargo,
 Without the King's pass, on man and cargo.
 Their evil acts filled their souls with remorse,
 Thus they wandered, ever changing their course,
 'Till exhausted they rested in a cave,
 On MOUNT MORIAH, near by HIRAM'S GRAVE ;
 Where they much condemned their actions dire,
 Wishing them expunged by sword and fire.
 Twelve came to the King with their confessions
 Pleading for pardon for their transgressions,
 Which each one received providing they sought
 For Hiram and all his murderers caught.

Hiram's Body and the Murderers Found.

They looked for the lost from East unto West,
 To find the least trace they tried their best ;
 They looked for them in all other ways
 'Till time had passed by about fifteen days.
 Tired and weary one to rest sat down,
 A loose sprig of Acacia there he found.
 A flash of thought came to him with much fear,
 That good Hiram's body lay buried here.
 They dig him up and there they clearly see
 The PLUMB and LINE, which is the letter G.
 Then they also hear an anguishing cry
 From the wicked murderers, very nigh.

The Murderers Caught and Executed.

There ruffians three in a cave's dark gloom,
 Were caught and soon received their well-earned doom :
 ONE HAD HIS THROAT CUT FROM EAR CLEAR TO EAR
 And was then BURIED WHERE LOW TIDE is near :
 ONE'S HEART WAS TORN OUT and also his TONGUE
 And his PERJURED CARCASS CAST on the DUNG ;
 From the third they tore both TONGUE and HEART,
 Then SEVERED him and BURNED the INNER PART ;
 And SCATTERED the ASHES to the FOUR WINDS
 So no part remained of the PERJURED THINGS.
 Their very presence were from earth defaced,
 And their names from the sacred scroll erased.

The Loss of The Mystic Key.

Sorrow and anguish came over them all,
 Around the Tyrian's funeral pall ;
 For a solemn compact—tradition brings—
 Was made by Hiram and the two great Kings,
 That the Password should never given be
 Except in the presence of them all three.
 Then raise him they must at whatever cost,
 Or the mystic word be forever lost.
 They brought an APPRENTICE who tried his GRIP,
 The dead SKIN from off the FINGERS did SLIP ;
 A FELLOWCRAFT then tried his mystic art,
 The putrid FLESH FROM OFF THE BONES DID START.

Hiram Resurrected and the Key Found.

For more strength and power they went to pray,
 For his resurrection that very day.
 A MASTER then tried his great skill at last,
 And WITH HIS FIRM GRASP he held him fast.
 The GRIP was the STRONG, or THE LION'S PAW,
 'That charms the dead by a mystical law.
 WITH RIGHT FOOT TO RIGHT FOOT AND LIPS TO EAR,
 WITH RIGHT CHEEK TO RIGHT CHEEK, HE HAD NO FEAR ;
 WITH RIGHT HAND TO BACK, AND BREAST TO RIGHT BREAST,
 WITH RIGHT KNEE TO RIGHT KNEE, HE THUS HIM PRESSED,
 With signs of fellowship—IN UNDERTONE—
 He spoke THE POTENT WORD—'TIS, "MAH-HAH-BONE."

The Relation of the Tyrian Mystic Cult to Freemasonry.

ON OLD MOUNT ZION, THE SACRED GUILD
OF THE PHENICIAN SUN GOD helped to build
GREAT JEHOVAH'S TEMPLE for ISRAEL.
The ARK and COVENANT from Samuel,
Were in the hands of their SACRED CULT,
'Till David had the TABERNACLE built.
And then they were by Jehovah blest,
And now on CHRISTIAN FOUNDATION THEY REST.
They're consecrated to the most wise and holy,
And are now SAINTS JOHN, APOSTLES LOWLY (?)

PART 2.

Forced Attitude of Candidates. What You Will Find on Entering Masonry.

'Tis the Freemasons we speak of to you !
If you doubt us do what we tell you to :
Just give them their entrance fee and your name,
And they may take you right through for the same ;
Then at the door you'll find a TYLER stands
With a DRAWN SWORD firmly grasped in his hands,
Demanding to know whoever you be,
What you want and whom you desire to see.
Then they WILL STRIP YOU to the very skin
And try you before they let you go in.
NEITHER NAKED nor CLAD, BAREFOOT nor SHOD,
You will have to go through, so help you God.

Each One on Entering the Order Must Act Hiram Abiff.

With CABLE-TOW around NECK, ARM and WAIST,
And SHARP TOOL o'er HEART with OATHS they test
Your curiosity and force you to say :
"SO HELP ME GOD, AND MAKE ME EVER STAY ;"
And then ALWAYS to HAIL, EVER CONCEAL,
And THE SECRETS of MASONS NEVER REVEAL.
As Hiram Abiff you must act it all
And be KNOCKED DOWN by the SETTING-MAUL.
Like him you must die and be BURIED THREE TIMES,
And must be raised up as said in our rhymes ;
Then get the signs with due explanations,
And be a brother to all the Masons.

The Penalties for Divulging the Secrets.

You must always OBEY the MASTER'S CALL,
 Whether you stand erect and firm or fall.
 Your brethren there are of various dye,
 Some may steal and rob, and others may lie ;
 What e're they do you must them dearly love,
 Or you cannot enter their lodge above.
 WHETHER YOU MEET IN FOUL PLAY OR IN FAIR,
 YOU HAVE ALWAYS TO PART UPON THE SQUARE.
 And keep a good mien without any scowls,
 Or they cut your throat, your heart and bowels ;
 And expose your brain to the blazing sun
 Informing you that your last race is run.

The Authority on Which They Teach Their Mysteries.

Your entrails they will burn in all their parts,
 And cut off your crown in the Royal Arch.
 If not enough, they will cut off your tongue,
 And cast your carcass on the foulest dung.
 If treading a traitor's road still you choose,
 You, fortune, family and good name will lose.
 If still a vile rebel you want to be,
 Your soul they will damn for eternity.
 All this will befall you if you dare write
 One part or parcel of their secret rite.
 And THIS THEY TEACH YOU with more lessons grand
 UPON THE BIBLE, COMPASS, SQUARE and STAND.

The Officers Representing the Sun, Moon and Earth, Called the Three Greater Lights.

They have THREE LESSER LIGHTS, and TROWEL too,
 Which are FAITH, HOPE and LOVE, to guide you through.
 They have THREE PILLARS and THREE GREATER LIGHTS
 Known as WISDOM, BEAUTY and useful MIGHT.
 The Worthy Master is with wisdom filled ;
 The Junior Warden is in Beauty skilled ;
 While the Senior in much strength does abound,
 As Sun, Moon and Earth in their course go round.
 Up above are their ever-guiding STARS,
 With JACOB'S LADDER'S THREE and SEVEN BARS ;
 They have HILLS and VALES ; they have ARK and EYE ;
 Also a KEY to HEAVEN when they die.

The Master's Carpet.

The Master's carpet we before you spread,
 Giving account under each special head ;
 By the POT of INCENSE and BEEHIVE too
 They teach industry and prudence to you ;
 By the CONSTITUTION and TYLER'S SWORD
 They teach the craft to well guard every word ;
 By the ALL-SEEING EYE and HUMAN HEART
 Their interests must from others be apart ;
 The PROBLEM of EUCLID, the ANCHOR and ARK
 Are schemes they succeed in and progress mark ;
 The SETTING-MAUL, COFFIN, SCYTHE and the SPADE,
 TEACH end of time and HOW TRAITORS ARE PAID.

PART 3.

Refutation and Analysis of Their Claims. What Old Ruins Tell Us of Masonry.

Thus runs a fine thread through their long ago,
 Are they really facts ? they do not know ;
 Yet as truth they claim them with lots more stuff,
 And this without offering proofs enough.
 In all ANCIENT RUINS we have looked o'er,
 We find no SQUARE, nor COMPASS on a door,
 On post or on pillar, on arch or sill,
 Though we have enough to a volume fill.
 Still there is no doubt that STONE MASONS bold,
 Have an existence, both hoary and old ;
 But SPECULATIVE MASONRY CAME OUT,
 SEVENTEEN-SEVENTEEN, or there about.

The Symbols We Find in Ruins and Their Meanings.

They claim the MYSTERIES of FORMER DAYS
 Found in RUINS, SCRIPTURES and POETS' lays ;
 Whose sacred emblems are CUBE, CROSS and RING,
 Meaning LIFE and MEASUREMENT of EVERY THING.
 There no Trowel, Compass, nor Square we find,
 Though other emblems of various kind
 Are found, which are borrowed by them to-day,
 Hence they cannot by right to them claims lay.
 Even the problems in geometry
 They boast of, are no products of Masonry ;
 They have SIGNS, OATHS and PASSWORDS—which are known
 AND HAVE NO OTHER SECRETS OF THEIR OWN.

PART 4.

The Effect of Their Teaching Upon Society. The Frailness of Their Structure.

You who love liberty look and behold !
 The foundation of their brash structure old !
 How brick, wood, brass and stone lap and indent !
 How held together by crumbling cement !
 Give it a violent shake ! one and all !
 And it surely will crack, crumble and fall !
 Their cement is love, often in crime wrought ;
 Their hidden deeds should to the light be brought.
 Their oaths that now their lips do closely seal,
 If opened would to us much crime reveal ;
 And be like dynamite under a rock,
 'Twould scatter them by a violent shock !

What They Do to Our Institutions.

THEY ARE AUTOCRATS and their rules come down
 To all their members from Sovereign Crown,
 Who to people's rule are a bitter foe—
 A fact all loyal citizens should know—
 Yet, paying Office-Pap they like to eat,
 And much trusting people too often beat.
 In office from Constable to President,
 They try to establish their resident.
 Non-Masons seldom get justice in court
 Where Masons are, for they always support
 All who are good brethren within their craft ;—
 At weeping Justice they have often laughed.

How They Gain Members and How Treated.

To enter their orders the seeker must ask
 Of his own will, though always as mask
 Well-known circumstances are thrown around,
 To bring him on to their glittering mound :
 At rich men's funerals they make grand display,
 And their carcasses in costly flowers lay ;
 But to the poor and suffering of their kind,
 And to their dead they are often blind ;
 There no grand parades nor displays are seen,
 Of't their families are passed with sullen mien.
 They want no poor, but those of wealth and name,
 Who can support them and give them much fame.

PART 5.

Their Religion. Are They a Religious Order? and What Attitude Do They Hold to Romanism?

Believe they in God? Yes, they surely do!
 They worship all Gods, and Jehovah too!
 In that faith as brethren in peace they march
 Clear through every rite into Royal Arch;
 Then Christians only can farther on go,
 What's above it no others must know;
 There Catholic worshippers seldom come
 Because they confess to the Pope of Rome.
 That noblest of Paders with his whole See
 Opposes them all, for he wants to be
 What their Sovereign Chief is to them now;
 They are thus engaged in a family row.

How the Conflict Between Masonry and Romanism Benefits the People.

May they quarrel and fight from day to day
 And gain their points in their violent fray;
 Because, while they try themselves to oppress,
 The people's sufferings are very much less;
 But when they combine their interests all
 The people's chances will be very small.
 It now depends on faith and profession
 Who will be the one to give concession.
 Mark it good people! whenever a time
 Of real danger comes they'll be of one mind!
 For all believe that all just right to rule
 Does belong to the Hierarchical school.

The Similarity of the Claims Between Masonry and Romanism.

Each claims to have from the great God of all
 A commission to rule the great and small;
 Both have from old Sun-worship descended—
 Thus their differences can soon be mended—
 In holiness each have most deeply gone (?)
 For one is SAINT PETER the other SAINTS JOHN.
 Each one believes in a life immortal;
 Each keeps the keys to the heavenly portal,
 And can only be entered by permission,
 Which each gives for pay or sends to perdition
 All who don't bow to them in concessions,
 In trade, in love or filial transgressions.

How Each Olamors for Recognition as Authority.

Each wants to be called THE AUTHORITY,
 And be followed by the majority
 In whatsoever they do, think or say
 Of life, past and future, or of to-day :
 Each keeps their inner workings closely masked,
 And cannot bear to have terse questions asked.
 Of what real value they have got to show—
 Of which we have no real power to know—
 Have they more knowledge of the past than we ?
 Have they more power the future to see ?
 Know they more of the full powers of man ?
 Or can they clearly the Creator scan ?

Similarity of Their Symbolism.

Each has a censer to burnt incense swing,
 For much occult power themselves to bring ;
 Each have the Cross, the Skull and Two-edged Swords,
 With charms, incantations and magical words ;
 Each claims the wisdom of all the sages,
 And also the learning from all the ages.
 Though we find each have borrowed all they've got,
 And what is really theirs is filled with rot.
 And they are but foreign fungi going
 On to other's trees and on them growing :
 The old Pagan trees still live at the root,
 Though other named moss covers top and foot.

Their Double Dealings and their Effect Upon Society.

If they are Pagans, why should we object,
 If by conviction they do so elect ?
 But as Pagans they have covered their source,
 And under other names go on their course ;
 Cursing their mother and her faith condemn,
 With double dealings like dishonest men.
 Nor should we object if they Autocrats are,
 If thus our best interest they do not mar.
 We regained our rights through struggles and blood,
 Hence will maintain a real brotherhood
 Of and for all the people ; and not a small set,
 Embracing a few and all others forget.

How the Nation is Affected by Secret Societies.

All sworn obedience of every kind
 Has a tendency men's free acts to bind ;
 Threats and boycotts with death penalties too,
 Remind them of what they are told to do.
 And this in an elective government
 Is bound to create a fearful ferment,
 And destroy the nation and its laws,
 Because the living strength it from it draws.
 A free people can never long exist
 Who in so gross perversions do persist.
 They are strong bodies against the weak
 Though often disguised as charity meek.

**What Each Citizen's Duty is to His Country, and An Appeal
to the Grand Architect of the Universe.**

We do well to see that our country's weal
 Depends on the strong the weaker to shield ;
 That true brotherly love embraces all
 Of the human race both the great and small ;
 That sworn brotherhoods of all descriptions
 To our Republic are down-right afflictions.
 That if we will be men, moral and sane,
 False to our country we can not remain !
 THOU ALL-SEEING EYE behold and look down,
 And stop those follies that here do abound !
 And do not permit those folks to do
 Such evil to men thou G. A. O. T. U.





The Ruined Temple

(Grace Church, San Francisco)

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER



The Ruined Temple

(Grace Church, San Francisco)

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

A Temple in a Sunset Land I saw.
Rent with an earthquake's throes and storms of fire.
And o'er it brooded wide with spells of awe
The doom that fell on Sidon and on Tyre.

And many an arch and ruinous portal there
Stood stored with memories of a perished time:
The stark stones yielded echoes of a prayer:
The towers quivered with a ghostly chime.

Faint from the shattered font an infant's cry
Came forth and soft the crumbling pillars shed
The strains of nuptial music blithe and high:
The paves rolled dolorous requiems o'er the dead.

But when the moon smote with her wands of white
The solemn wreck whence all these voices poured.
I heard Time's pinions beat across the night
And saw the gleam of Death's annulling sword.



Photo by Dr. F. W. Stapp

The Ruined Temple

(Grace Church, San Francisco)

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A RURAL SCENE.



ESTHER M. BOURNE.

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1857.



THE
SNOW STORM.

BY
ESTHER M. BOURNE.



SAN FRANCISCO:
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1857.



Very deficient from birth in number, acquisitiveness and secretiveness, (so styled by the phrenologists,) in my childish days arithmetic was so profound a mystery that I could scarcely comprehend that "two and two make four;" yet I was required to perform the same "sums" as those who, from their different mental conformation, delighted in figures. It being impossible to comply, I was "cut" and "threshed" with hickory or other rods, until my flesh would not only be much bruised but also "raw." At last, to obviate such suffering, I yielded to the teachings of those boys who compassionated me, and commenced a *game of deceit* by hiring and begging the doing of my "sums" by those who were competent. If unfortunately they committed an error, I paid the penalty by receiving a "good threshing." Thus the brute of a teacher *forced* me to *learn* and *practice* fraud and deception, against which my small secretiveness and

large conscientiousness constantly rebelled. In reading and spelling I always led my class, yet for my natural deficiency in figures I was cruelly, almost murderously, treated, to make "the idle little rascal cypher." Witnessing that others who cyphered well were always being "threshed" for deficiencies in reading, spelling, etc., so indelible an impression was made upon my mind of some great wrong somewhere, that on arriving at manhood I determined that no child of mine should ever enter school if such ignoramuses were teachers and such "systems" pursued.

Alas! to this day it remains nearly the same; and here, in San Francisco too, among "the most intelligent people upon earth," (!) we have the melancholy spectacle of teachers brought before the Police Court; one for nearly pulling off the ear of a little girl; another for cruelly and brutally "cowlhiding" a boy until his back was made "raw," with other cruelties, though some not so flagitious as to call imperatively for Police interference. The same practices prevail almost universally throughout all civilized countries.

The miserable "system" (unworthy the term) is at fault. Teachers, instead of being selected for their peculiar fitness, quite commonly are political favorites or relatives of influential persons. Persons who are fit for nothing, and who do nothing, often take upon themselves or are appointed to the responsible office of teacher for—a livelihood. Very frequently, in fact very generally, they are *miserable dyspeptics*, who bring all their irritability and suffering into the school room, and vent their spleenetic feelings upon their unfortunate pupils. Beside, the male teacher is almost always addicted to the use of filthy tobacco, either in smoking, chewing or snuffing, and also is obnoxious to the charge of using intoxicating liquors, all productive of nervous irritability and physical and mental unfitness; added to which, the more serious consideration of the evil moral effect of such example upon the minds of the children committed to his charge.

Viewing the crude "school system" and its inculcators and exponents in the light in which I view them as a whole, it will not surprise the reader when I remark that the author of the following Poem was never permitted to attend school until well advanced in her "teens," and but a short period before it was written. She then had attended but a few weeks when one of those numerous acts of injustice so commonly perpetrated in the school room was inflicted upon her; and though the wrong was privately admitted, it was not and would not be as publicly atoned for as committed. She was therefore withdrawn from school, [schools, therefore, are not the all-essential of education,] and to the remembrance of that occurrence—

my own experience—as well as the recent outrages committed in San Francisco, is this indignant statement of my views, and this PUBLIC PROTEST against the almost worthless school system of the past and present, to be attributed.

Our youth demand better teachers and a better system of education—they must have them. They will have them when teachers are PHRENOLOGICALLY selected *for their fitness*; and for a “school system” they have a PHRENOLOGICAL basis, with PHRENOLOGICAL SCHOOLS—schools in which their MINDS AND BODIES WILL BE EDUCATED IN ACCORD WITH THEIR NEED—schools wherein the great and profound truths of Nature will be the rudimentary and fundamental of all their teachings, and effective *incentives*, etc., be substituted for humiliating, debasing and brutalizing *punishment*. Then school days will indeed be the hyleyon period of life, ever to be fondly reverted to in all after years.

YOUNG AMERICANS! Inform yourselves in relation to their importance, and then unite in an unceasing demand for PHRENOLOGICAL SCHOOLS, and if you cannot have them, at least RESOLVE THAT YOUR CHILDREN SHALL.

The moral which may be drawn from my own experience is a sufficient warrant for its presentation to the public, and will, I trust, have its due influence upon those whose retrospect is confirmatory of the truthfulness of the picture which I have drawn; and if it be the means of arousing only one intelligent and influential mind to the merit of a due investigation of such a “SYSTEM” as PHRENOLOGY would inaugurate, the object which I have in view will be accomplished.

I wish to know that *the brutality of flogging* is abolished in schools as well as in the public service of the United States and our merchant marine; and that the MINDS and BODIES of CHILDREN are to be SCIENTIFICALLY, HAPPILY and DULY DEVELOPED.

I wish also to be distinctly understood as recognizing the fact that there are teachers who are not brutal and tyrannical; who are not addicted to the odious habits of using tobacco and liquors; and that there are those who do not suffer from the curse of ill health; and that there may also be many who disapprove of the wretched “system” by which they are governed and compelled to act—but I sincerely believe they form the exceptions.

The illustrations are Californian. To Mr. NAHL, the artist, I am chiefly indebted for the drawings; to Mr. DUBIN VAN VLECK, a genuine young American, for their clever cutting.

G. M. BOURNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1857.



THE SNOW STORM.

The beauteous snow has come at last.—

Athwart the sky

In feath'ry flakes, 'tis falling fast ;

They fly ! they fly !

In quaint, fantastic shapes 'tis cast,

On all that 's nigh.



All o'er the bleak and wide expanse,

A mantle white

Is thrown. Far as the eye can glance,

Most dazzling sight,

The snow-wreaths in their merry dance,

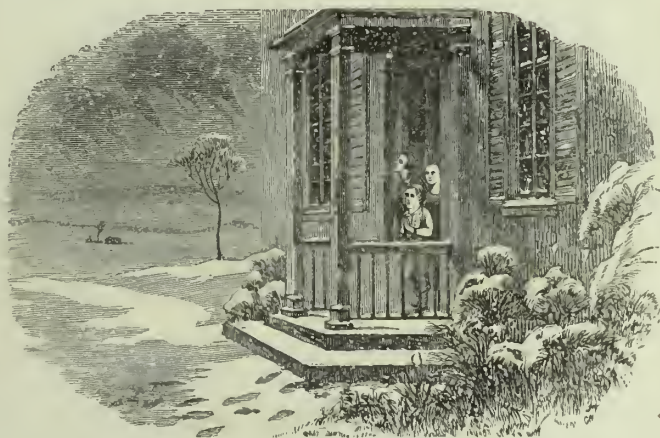
Wear robes of light !

O'er meadow, orchard, field and plain,
How swift they go!
Each post and rail along the lane—
The grass tufts low—
In vestments white are wrapp'd again,
With snow, with snow.



And now it whirls in mimic war
Along the hedge;
In eddying gusts, 'tis flying far,
Across its edge;
Its glist'ning white there 's nought to mar,
On the low sedge.

Along the road how deep its fall ;
There 's not a sound ;
In silence weird, unbroken all,
It lays :—no ground
Is seen ; no noise ; the snow-birds, small,
Look sadly 'round.



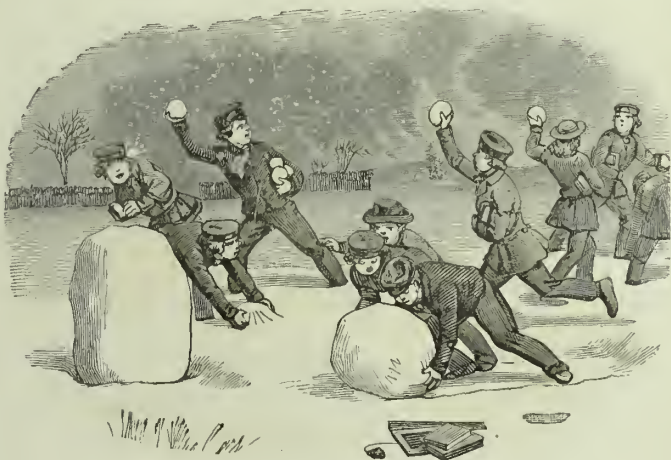
With snow it all is cover'd o'er ;
The flakes, pure white,
Are gently falling, more and more,
So soft and bright.
The children at the cottage door
Shout with delight!

The snow is falling sóft and fast
 Upon the ground ;
Its curls upon the trees are cast,
 Low drooping 'round.
Jack Frost, with magic chain, at last,
 The earth has bound.



Athwart the road a snow-drift high
 Is swelling yet ;
Now let the fragile sleigh draw nigh,
 It will upset :
Out falls the group, who, warm and dry
 Get cold and wet.

The boys are coming home from school—
The snow-balls fly
'Mid laughter loud—no care, no rule—
Now low, now high.
'Midst merry shouts, with hands so cold,
Some laugh, some cry.



They soon will grasp the snow, and mould
A quaint Snow-Man ;
An image strange, with air so bold,
They 've quick began ;
And when his head is nicely roll'd,
Upright he 'll stand !

And then he 's done ; a curious sight
To Southron eye.
Their sleds they 've brought, and with delight,
"Let 's home," they cry.
The snow storm now has reach'd its height,
And evening 's nigh.



The winds sweep low with gentle moan,
O'er meadows wide—
'Round hill-side bleak :—in forest lone
They seem to hide.
The drifted snow is lightly blown
From side to side.

The snow has ceas'd ; it falls no more ;
The wintry air
Is blowing cold ; the cottage door
Is shut with care.
The moon her light is pouring o'er
The landscape fair.



To deck the earth, the Elves have task'd
Their fancies bright ;
It seems as if it all had bask'd
In silv'ry light !
Each tree and vine they 've surely mask'd
In garments white.

Advent'rous youth prepares the sleigh ;
The fiery steed
Impatient stands.—Away! away
With lightning speed
They soon will glide, 'mid laughter gay—
One takes the lead!



The silv'ry bells, with pleasant sound,
Are jingling glad ;
The dainty horse they clasp around—
In music clad—
Excited by them, o'er the ground
He flies! like mad.

While merry jests, from rosy lips,
Come quick and low,
The Frost-King, with cold fingers, nips
Their noses, oh!
In joyous sport they crack their whips,
And course the snow.



On, on they race, and gaily cry,
"We 'll soon be there!"
And sparkles bright each girlish eye—
They 've not a care—
While whisper'd words and kisses sly
Float on the air.

The pleasant evening now has pass'd,
And home they go:
O'er road and lane they 're driving fast—
How crisp the snow!
And wearied eyes are closed at last—
In sleep? Oh, no!



The moonlight soft is falling o'er
The earth below;
A holy sight, as if to lure
Man's thoughts from woe;
So gentle, and so pure, it lays
Upon the snow.

Address to Gov. Haight.

O honest, holy, heavenly HAIGHT,
Grand pillar both in Church and State,
As physically, in morals great,
Also in mind—
One who might with the angels mate—
Don't ask which kind.

Great Constitutional expounder,
Purer than Webster and profounder,
Whose expositions are deemed sounder
Than those of Courts,
Was it through interest or a blunder
You helped the sports ?

Signing the bill that BARNES did frame
To legalize his "little game,"
Lottery in fact though gift in name,
Whereby no more
Doth gambling hide its head in shame
As heretofore ?

O, how could you whose conscience nice
Starts at the very name of vice—
You who have looked on cards and dice
As the Devil's tools,
Which Satan uses to entice
A race of fools—

You, whose grave sanctimonious airs
Make even your speeches seem like
prayers,

How could you join in laying snares
To catch the gulls ?

A "deader" thing than dealing "pairs"
Or keeping "fulls."

How could you join with BARNES and
SWAIN,

The people's money to obtain,
By stimulating hopes of gain,
By a game of "draw?"

Give public morals such a strain
Sanctioned by law ?

Where was your love for souls of men,
And where your boasted legal ken?
Respect for th' Constitution then?

Where even shame?
Remembrance of your oath, pray, when
You signed your name?

Did Library-lobbyists in the role
Of the weird sisters line your soul,
Saying, "Senator, in place of Cole,"
Or the great prize
Present, as gubernatorial toll,
Before your eyes ?

Licensing immorality !
Such Lotteries are if gambling be,
For all the difference one can see
Is just the same
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee:—
Merely in name.

What if 'twere true, as has been said,
A holy influence was shed
Over the drawing—that Stow read
The Bible there ?
(It's a wonder that he had n't led
The crowd in prayer.)

Though men whose whose names on
church books are,
Who hope the joys of Heaven to share,
Stood by to see that all was fair,
Lest some might play
A trick that was not "on the square,"
As gamblers say—

Was adultery less adultery, pray,
When pious David went astray ?
And when the wise king led the way
To a heathen shrine,
Did gods of brass, stone, wood and clay,
Become divine ?

Would monte not be monte yet,
And lasquenet be lasquenet ?
Would not roulette be still roulette—
Gambling the same—
Though Stow his bottom dollar bet
On either game ?

If DR. SCUDDER and DR. COX,
Each with his pockets full of rocks,
The gift of their respective flocks,
Should play at "loo,"
Would that make gambling orthodox
And moral too?

If the Y. M. Christian Association,
To put its debt in liquidation,
And lure young men from dissipation
In the saloons,
Thus furthering their reclamation,
Should in its rooms

Have men of Christian worth and zeal,
To shake the dice and turn the wheel,
Or give the boys "an honest deal,"
A chance to win,
Should we our penal laws repeal,
And say "go in?"

If churches in the want of "tin,"
By ring-cakes seek to ring you in,
Or with a pious raffle skin
The poor outsiders,
Does that show gambling is no sin?
Or saints backsliders?

If GORHAM at the time you run,
Instead of you the race had won,
And then had done as you have done,
All that you claim
As friends—aye, every mother's son—
Had cried out "Shaune!"

And all the Democratic crew,
From Yuma to far Siskiyou,
From snowy peak to ocean blue,
Low chivs and high—
The low toned many, and high-toned few
Had joined the cry.

Great HAGAR and the greater OAKES,
Had from their Democratic throats
Puled forth condemnatory notes—
MURRAY, the rustler
Had cried, "See, yer have throw'n your
votes
For an chamguzzler."

Yet I've no doubt that when you pray,
Like a true Pharisee, you say,
"I thank Thee, Lord, I'm not to-day
Like other men;
That all thy precepts I obey,
As all men ken:

"While Governor I've had no broker,
I am no dancer, drinker, smoker—
Don't hug the girls—don't play at poker,
Old sledge or euchre;
And ne'er display the 'little joker'
For filthy here.

"So when my foes go to the sire
Of lies, and roast in sulphurons fire,
I trust among the Heavenly choir
To find a place,
And, in loud strains, to strike my lyre
To works not grace."

And yet with all your self conceit,
I doubt if you're for Heaven meet—
If angels will your spirit greet
And take your hand,
And lead you through each golden street
In the spirit land.

But when through Jordan' swaves date
You've pressed your way to Heaven's
gate,
And Peter asks your name and State,
Belief and sect,
And you reply, "I'm H. H. HAIGHT,
A saint elect—

"Though from the State of Golden Rocks,
I've ne'er bowed down to STONES or
STOCKS,
But with true followers of Knox,
In an earthly temple
Listened to serious orthodox
From youthful HEMPHILL:

"Though long a wanderer below
Through scenes of human guilt and woe,
Where Satan travels to and fro,
Yet I have got
Clean bill of health to show
From Dr. SCOTT

"The signature none will deny,
So, Peter, 'How is that for high?'
Is n't that 'a passport to the sky,'
A title clear,
That heavenly searchers won't deny
To a mansion here?"

"Tut! tut!" the impulsive saint will say,
"Saints usually don't come your way,
Nor make of virtue such display—
Talk more of grace:
It's a wonder if you're not astray
From t'other place.

"Your robe of righteousness looks thin,
And, therefore, ere I let you in,
I'll see if there's no charge of sin
'Gainst you set down,
As reason why you may not win
A heavenly crown.

"Ah! here I find your status given:
 'Haight, debtor in account with Heaven,
To having too much of the leaven
 Of the Pharisees,
To having for man's favor striven
 By wrong to please—

"To having spite the prohibition
 In the Constitution, gave permission
For a Lottery, with the provision
 (Following the drift
Of the old Pharisees' tradition)
 They'd call it "Gift."

"From this 'tis plainly to be seen
 You are not what you should have been,
Nor are you fit as yet, I ween,
 To sing in glory;
But first must go in quarantine
 In Purgatory.

"There doubtless you'll find many a shade,
 Souls who were into sin betrayed
And started on the downward grade—
 The course of evil—
When you the Library to aid,
 Aided the Devil!"

FINIS.

